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CHEYENNE KID
NO. 97
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CHEYENNE KID



"THE KILLER'S LAIR"
"A TOUGH CAMPAIGN"



00095

SANHO KIM

CHEYENNE KID

NO 97
D-3861

EDITOR : GEO. WILDMAN
STORY : JOE GILL
ART : SANHO KIM

THE KILLERS' LAIR

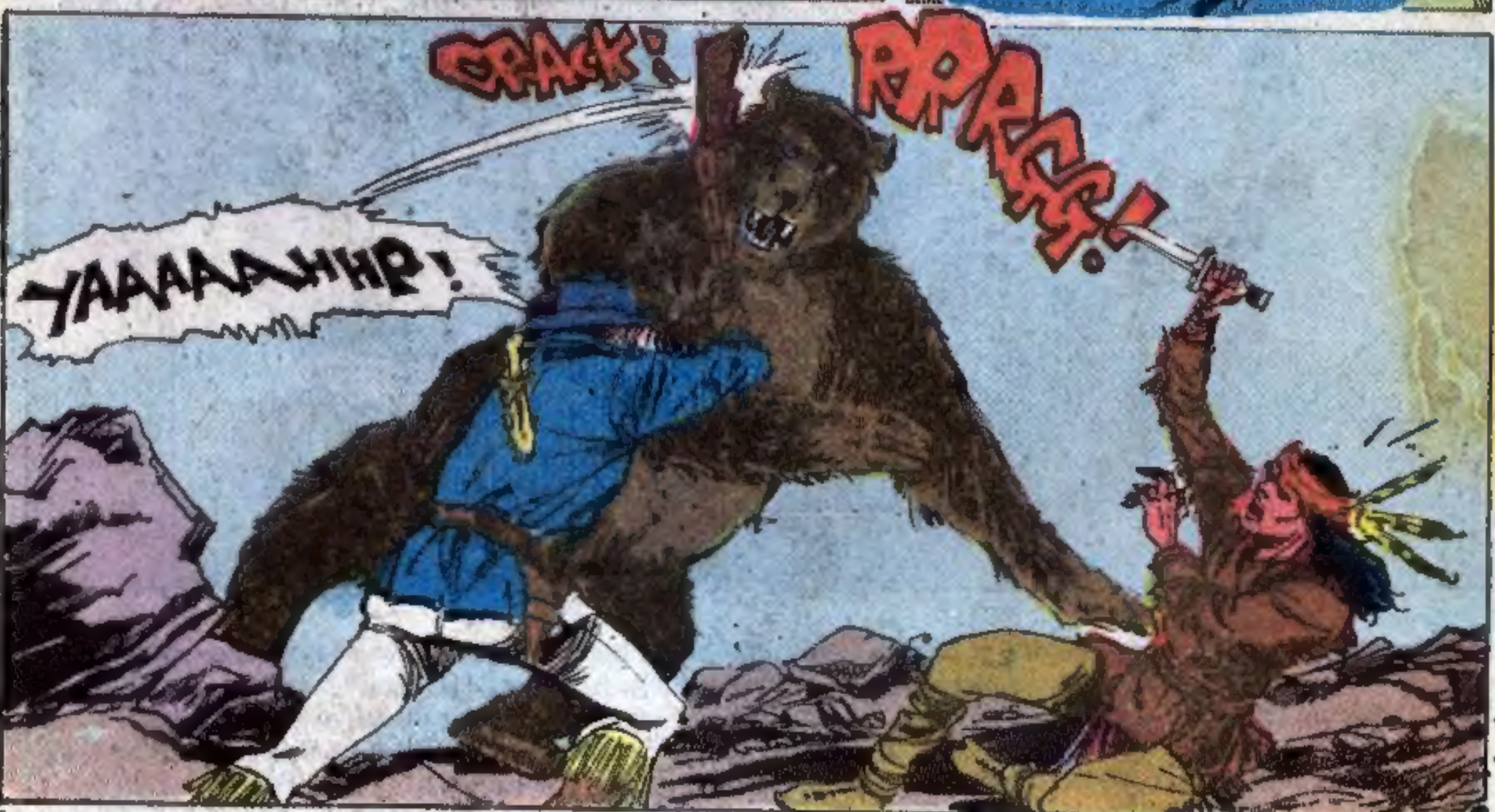
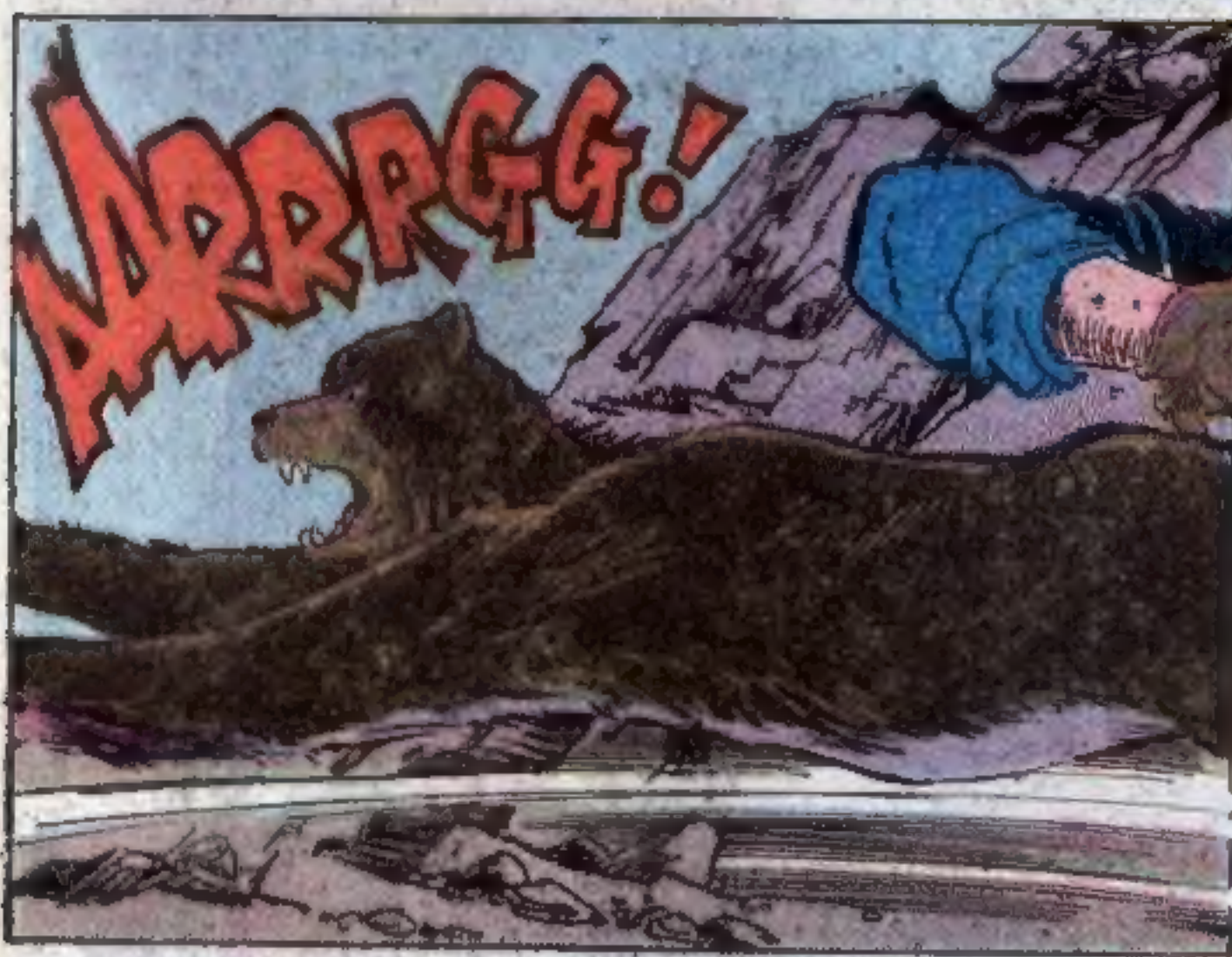
THE CHEYENNE KID AND RED EAGLE HAD TRACKED THE HUGE GRIZZLY UP INTO THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW.... BELOW, THREE DEAD MUSTANGS TESTIFIED TO THE FEROCITY AND MADNESS OF THE MOST FEARED PREDATOR ON THE CONTINENT! NOW, THEY WERE CLOSING IN..... AND SUDDENLY THE BEAST TOWERED OVER THEM.....



CHEYENNE KID Vol. 5, No. 97, July, 1973.

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GET INTO THE
ROCKS,
RED EAGLE
HURRY!

THUD!



CAN'T HOLD HIM
OFF
I'VE GOT TO RUN
FOR IT

WARRRAG!!

.... AND
HE'S A LOT
FASTER
THAN ME!



THE CHEYENNE KID HEADED FOR
THE ROCKS HE WENT UP SHEER
GRANITE AS THOUGH IT WAS LEVEL
GROUND!

MADE IT!

ARRR!



HE'S GIVING UP
ON ME
I HOPE RED EAGLE
IS SAFE!

CHEYENNE
BROTHER,
I AM HERE!

THE WOMEN
WOULD SING MY
DEATH SONG BUT
FOR YOU,
BROTHER !

I THOUGHT THEY'D SING
DEATH SONGS FOR US BOTH,
RED EAGLE !

SHE WAS MEAN.. BUT SHE LIMPED
WHEN SHE CHASED ME ... OTHERWISE
I'D BE DEAD.



THE KIWAS IN THE VILLAGE GATHERED AROUND TO HEAR THEIR STORY....
THE CHEYENNE KID EXAMINED RED EAGLE FOR BROKEN BONES, THEN AN OLD
GRANDMOTHER TIED A POULTICE OF BOILED HERBS ON THE BRUISES TO
HASTEN HEALING !

THEY HIDE
FROM EACH OTHER,
WIAWANA !

MY CHILD IS NOT
IN THE TEPEE NOR IS HE
PLAYING WITH THE OTHER
LITTLE ONES !

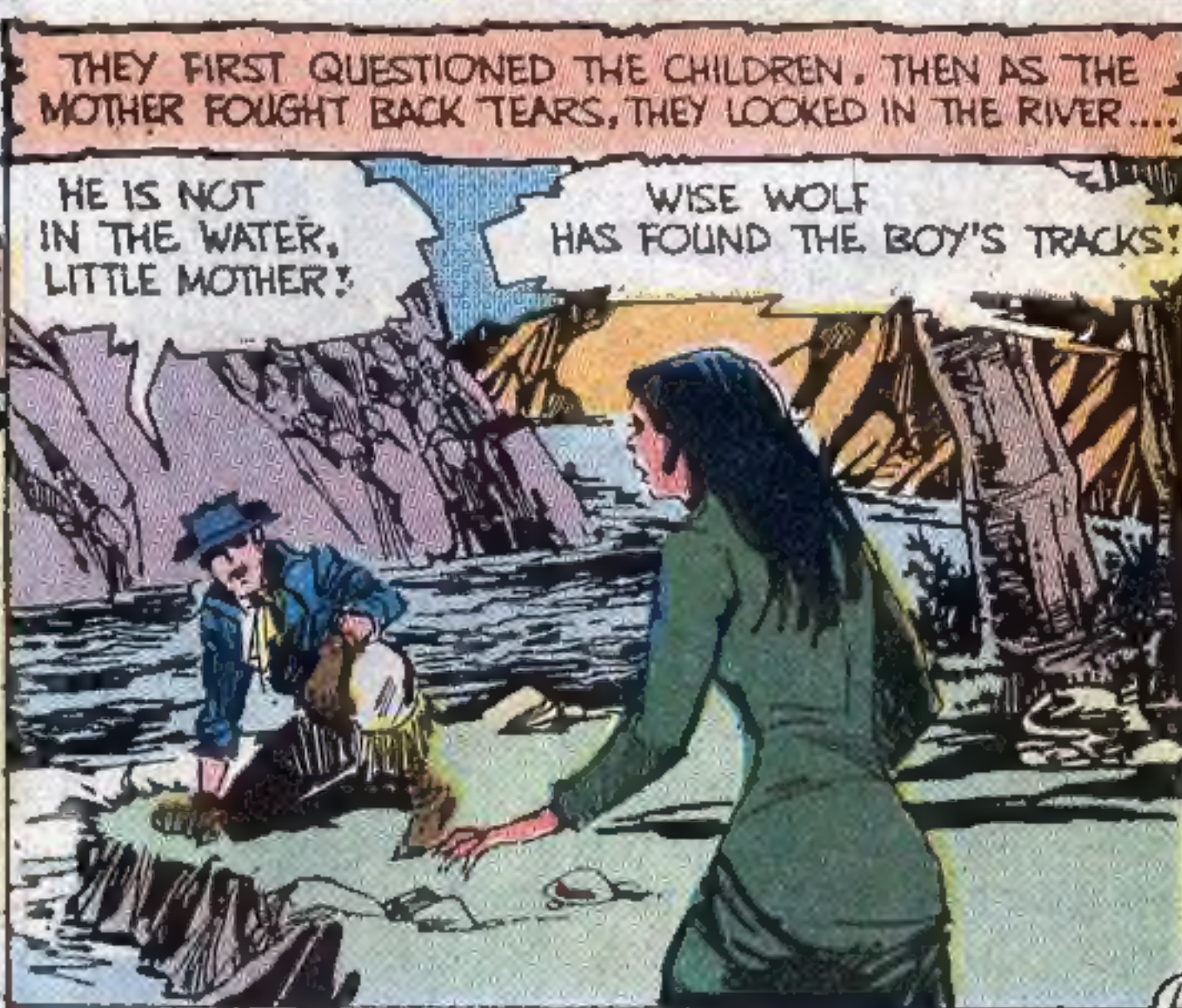


I HAVE NOT
SEEN HIM IN TOO LONG...
I AM AFRAID !

THEY FIRST QUESTIONED THE CHILDREN, THEN AS THE
MOTHER FOUGHT BACK TEARS, THEY LOOKED IN THE RIVER....

HE IS NOT
IN THE WATER,
LITTLE MOTHER !

WISE WOLF
HAS FOUND THE BOY'S TRACKS !



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



THE BOY WALKED TOWARD THE HIGH MEADOW, CHEYENNE COLISIN I BELIEVE HE FOLLOWED YOU AND RED EAGLE THIS MORNING !

IF HE DID.....



.... THE GRIZZLY WILL FIND HIM!

I'LL GO AHEAD... MY HORSE IS SWIFT.... YOU OTHERS CAN FOLLOW !



THE CHEYENNE KID WHIPPED HIS HORSE INTO A FRANTIC RUN



THE BOY TRAILS WELL HE FOLLOWED OUR TRACK STRAIGHT TO THE PLACE OF THE MAD GRIZZLY !

HE CAME
THIS WAY ONLY
MOMENTS
AGO....

THEN, THE HAIR ON
CHEYENNE'S HEAD STOOD
UP....HE SAW THE BOY...
OUTSIDE A LOW CAVE
ENTRANCE

LITTLE FOX WILL TAKE YOU TO
TEPEE MAKE YOU HIS
HUNTING DOG AND
FRIEND !



THE GRIZZLY
CUB MUST'VE
WANDERED AWAY....
AND
MAMA BEAR
JUST FOUND IT !

SHE'D
KILL THE BOY
WITH ONE SWIPE
OF HER PAW !



THE CHEYENNE KID STEPPED FORTH FACING THE MOTHER GRIZZLY

GET UP SLOWLY, LITTLE FOX
WALK TOWARD ME,
VERY SLOWLY !

SEE MY HUNTING DOG ,
CHEYENNE ?



DID I WAIT
TOO LONG?

THE SHE GRIZZLY STEPPED FORWARD....
SNIFFED AT HER CUB.... THEN NOSED
AT LITTLE FOX AS HE GOT UP....

I WANT TO GO HOME,
CHEYENNE COUSIN !

WE'LL
GO SOON,
LITTLE FOX...
JUST STAND
QUIETLY BESIDE
ME !

THE GRIZZLY SWUNG HER HUGE HEAD AND HER RED EYES
GLOWED IN THE SUNLIGHT.... CHEYENNE KID COULD'VE
SHOT THEN BUT

SHE'S GETTING
AWAY, CHEYENNE !

SSSSHHHH
LET HER GO !

WHY DIDN'T YOU
SHOOT THE GRIZZLY,
CHEYENNE COUSIN?

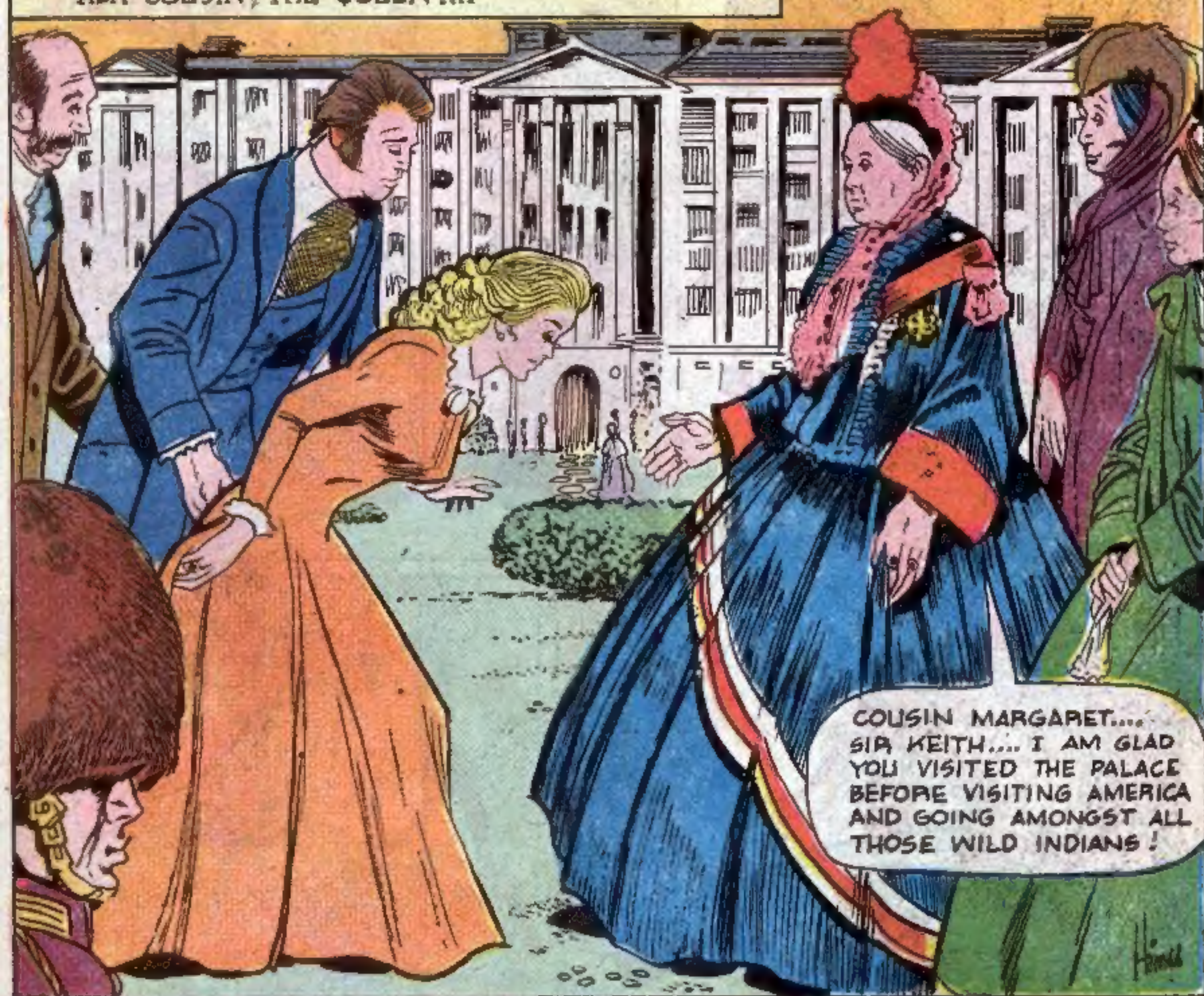
WISE HUNTERS DO NOT
KILL GRIZZLIES WITH
YOUNG CUBS, LITTLE
FOX ! THEY NEED HER
TO TAKE CARE OF THEM.
YOU WILL LEARN THIS
AS YOU GROW OLDER !

LATER, THE CHEYENNE KID TOLD THE KIOWA HUNTERS
WHY SHE HAD KILLED THEIR HORSES

... AND THE MOTHER
GRIZZLY HAS AN INJURY!
SHE KILLED THE HORSES
SO SHE WOULD FEED
HER CUBS !

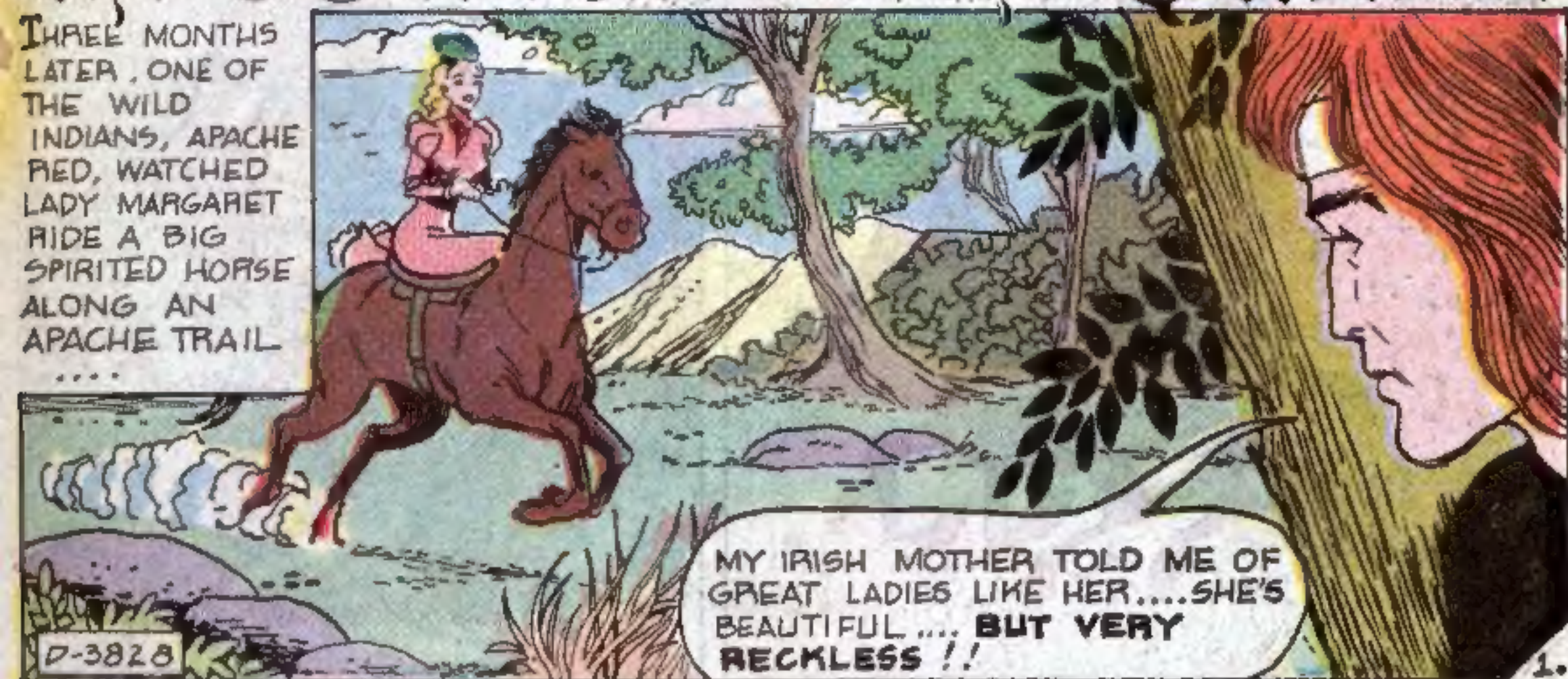
WE WILL MOVE CAMP
TOMORROW, CHEYENNE !
IT IS EASIER AND BETTER
THAN KILLING THE
MOTHER BEAR !

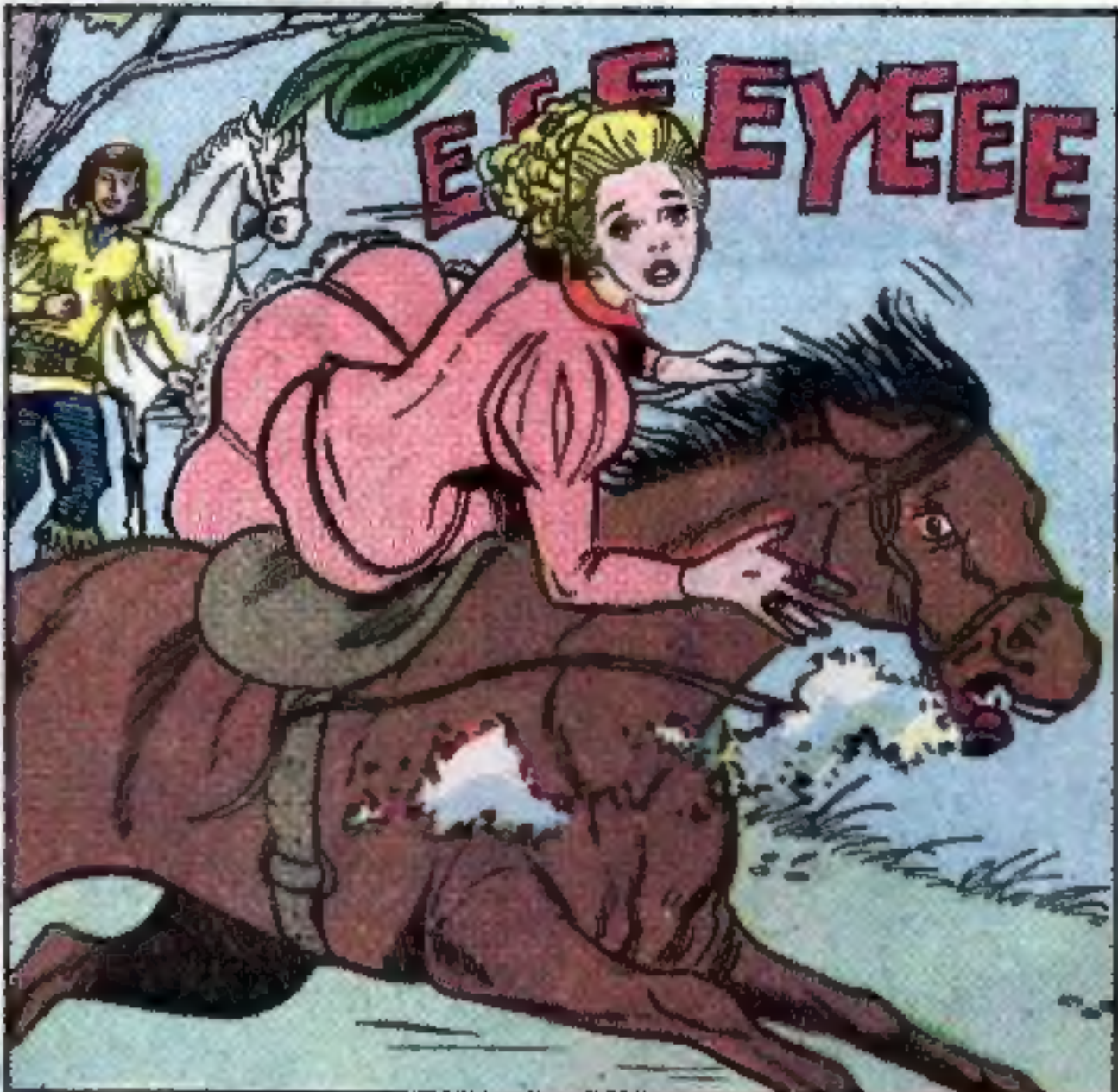
IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LADY MARGARET AND HER FIANCE, SIR KEITH RYDING, WERE PRESENTED TO HER COUSIN, THE QUEEN

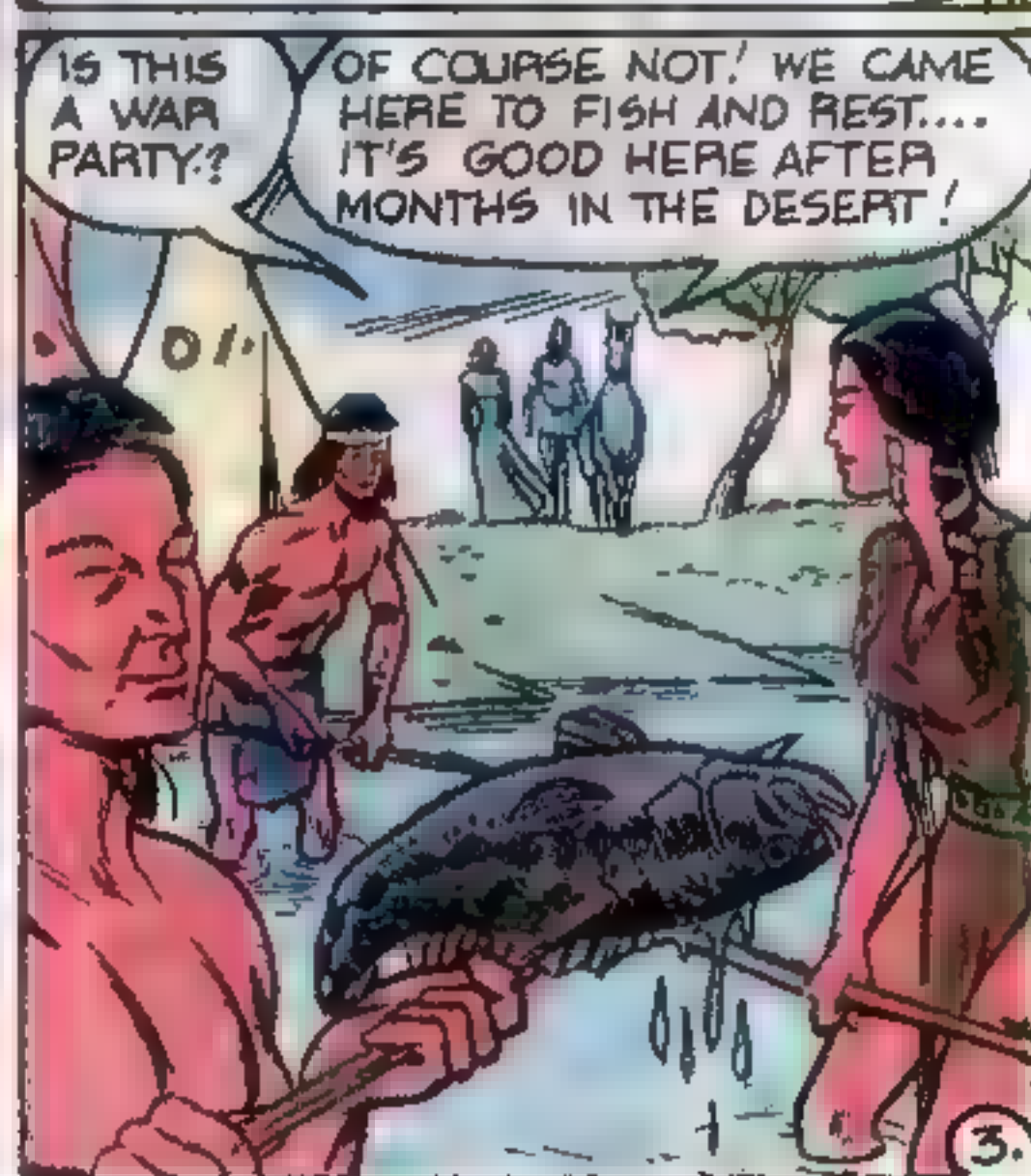


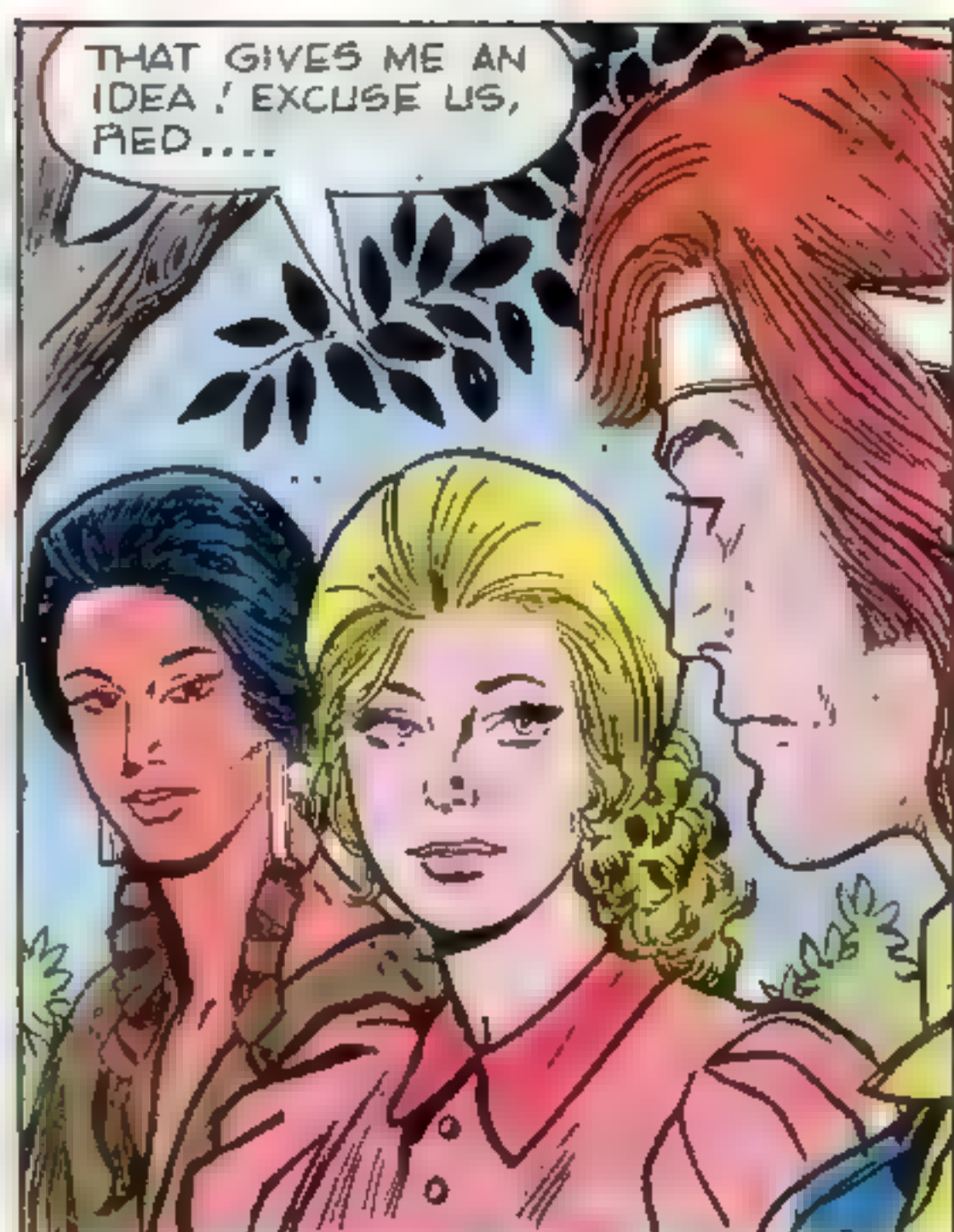
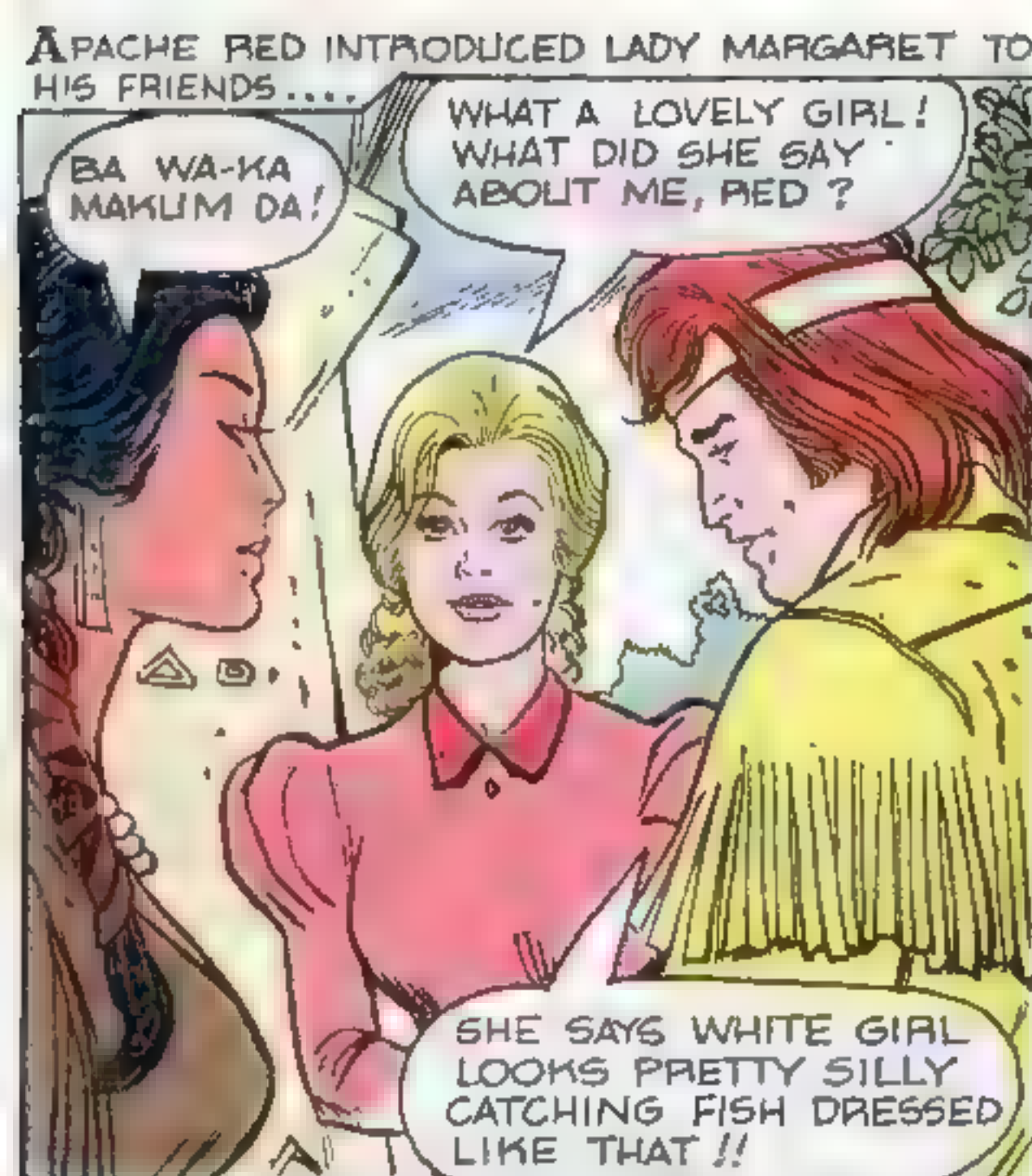
APACHE RED and the COUSIN of the QUEEN

THREE MONTHS LATER, ONE OF THE WILD INDIANS, APACHE RED, WATCHED LADY MARGARET RIDE A BIG SPIRITED HORSE ALONG AN APACHE TRAIL

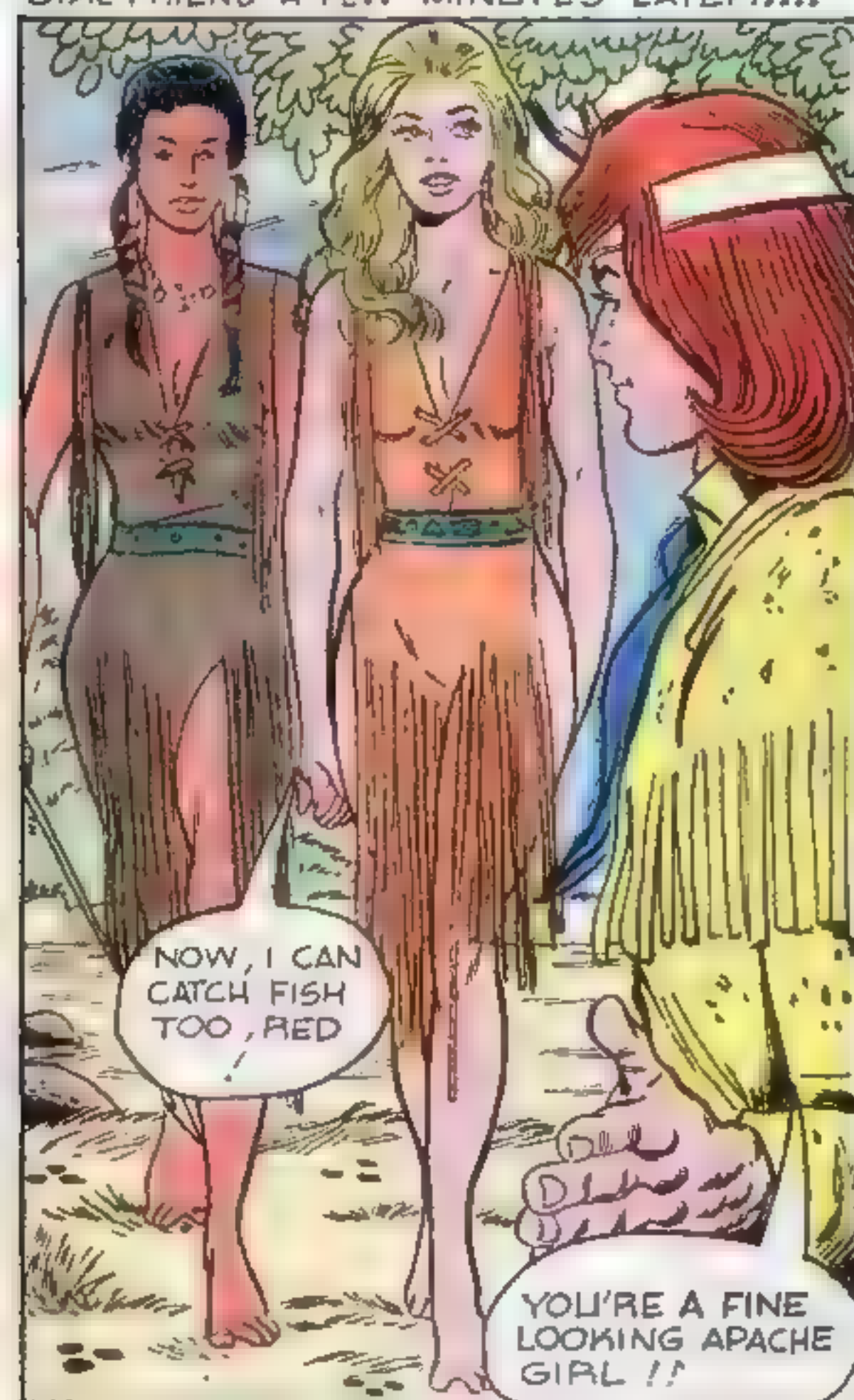




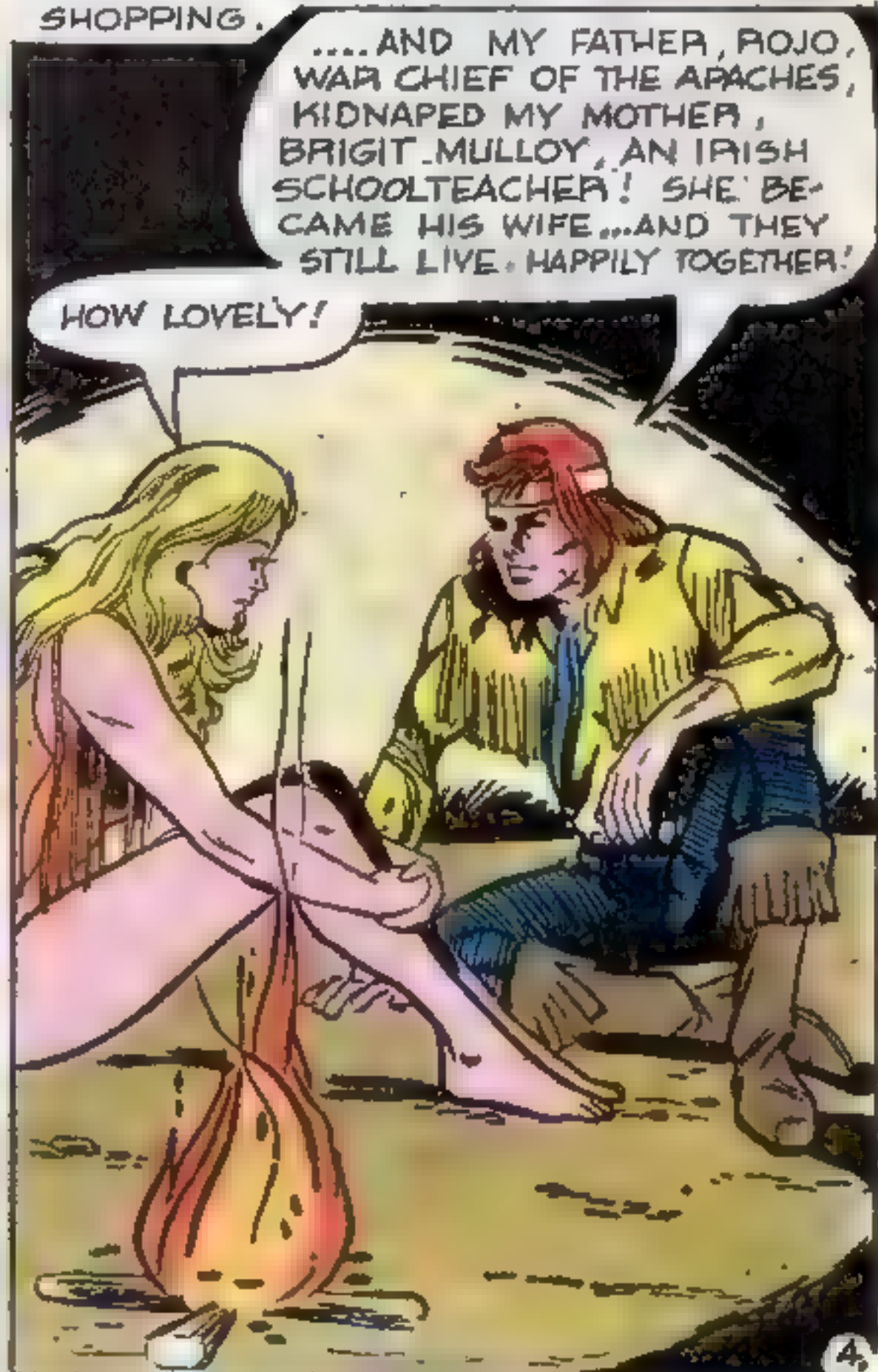




LADY MARGARET, A FEARLESS KIND OF GIRL, RETURNED WITH HER APACHE GIRL FRIEND A FEW MINUTES LATER....



SHE FISHED WITH THEM...AND SHE TOLD APACHE RED SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO RETURN TO THE RANCHER WITH WHOM SHE WAS STAYING FOR A FEW DAYS BECAUSE THEY EXPECTED HER TO STAY OVER IN TOWN SHOPPING.



APACHE RED SHOWED HER THE GREAT CANYON BY MOONLIGHT ...

MY FATHER IS WEALTHY, RED. WOULD YOU LIKE TO VISIT OUR HOME IN ENGLAND?

THIS IS MY LAND, LADY MARGARET ... IT IS RIGHT FOR ME

....JUST AS YOUR COUNTRY IS BEST FOR YOU. TOMORROW, I WILL TAKE YOU BACK TO YOUR PEOPLE /

THEY WERE OUT SEARCHING FOR LADY MARGARET.... THE TRACKS OF THE INDIAN PONY HAD BEEN FOUND WHERE THE NOBLEWOMAN'S HORSE HAD FALLEN TO HIS DEATH....SO THEY WERE SURE SHE HAD BEEN KIDNAPED BY APACHES! SIR KEITH RYDING WAS SEARCHING TOO ...HEAVILY ARMED!

IT'S SIR KEITH, MY FIANCE!

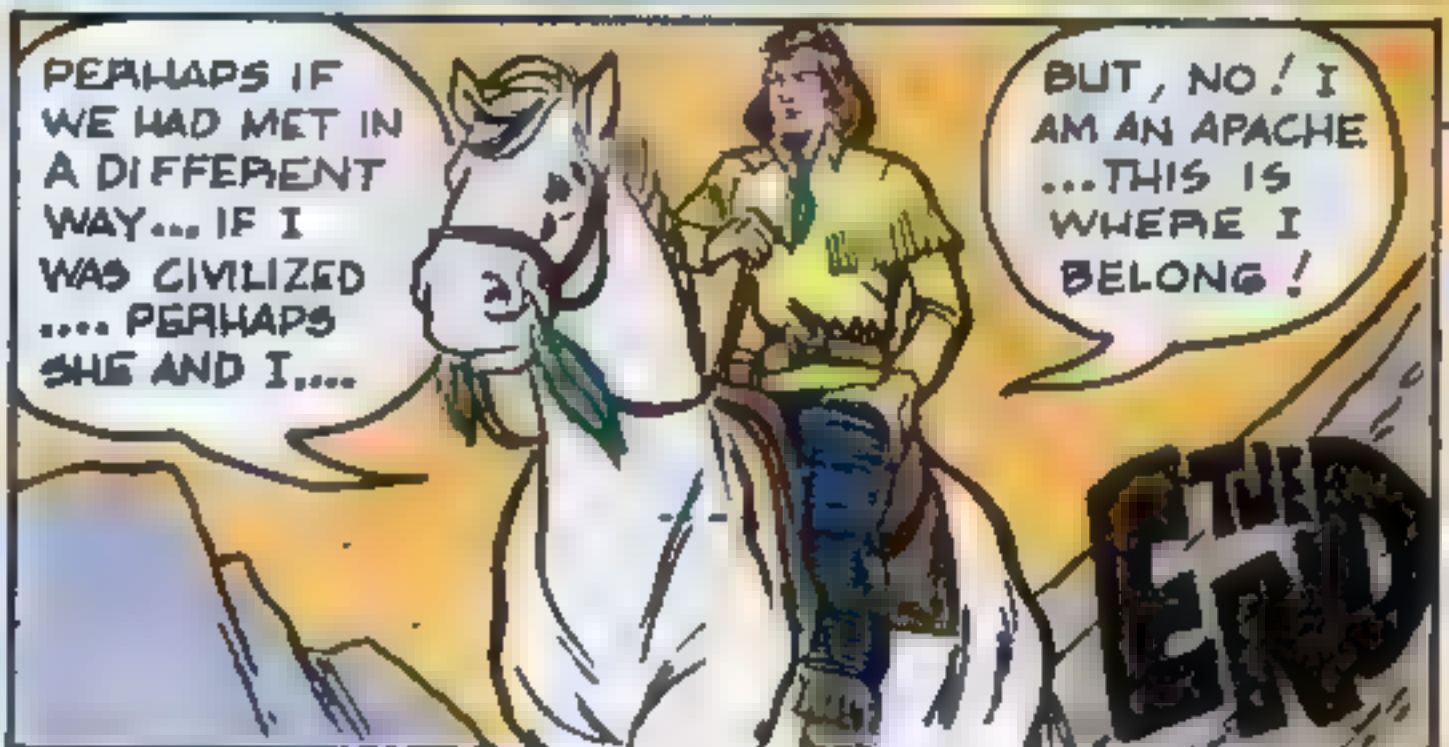
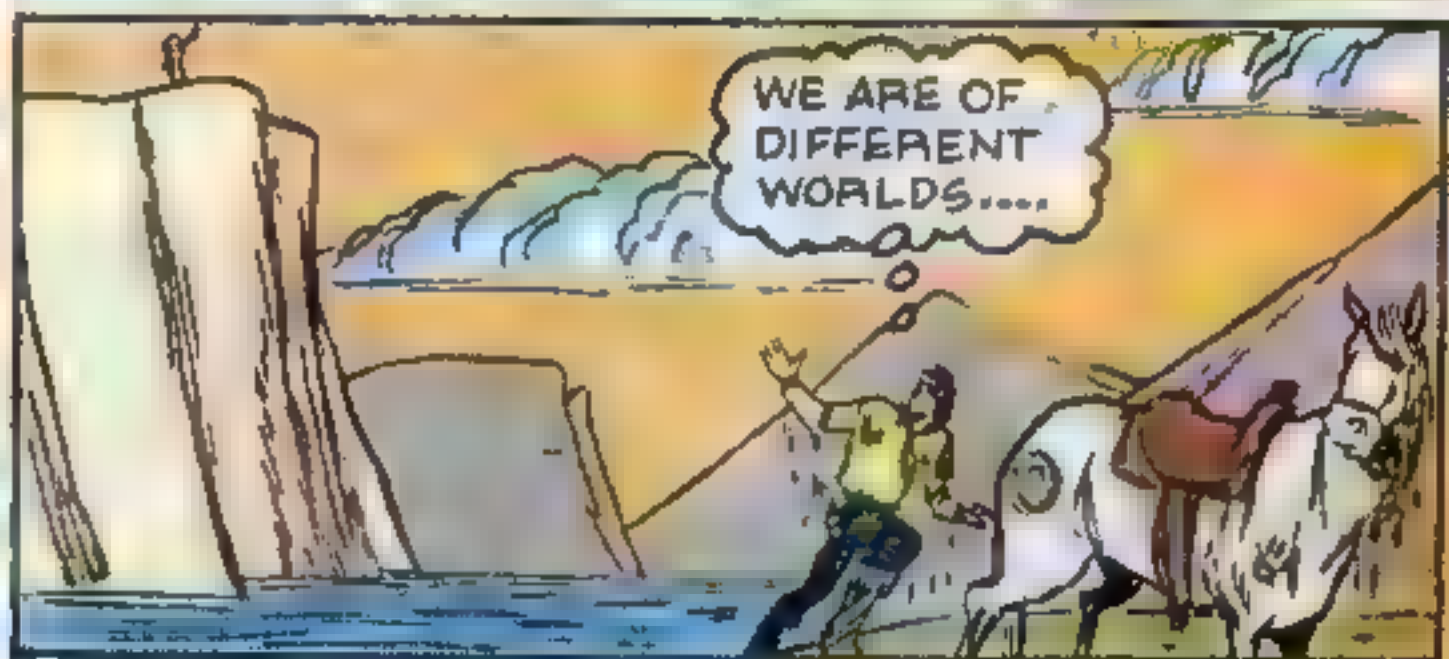
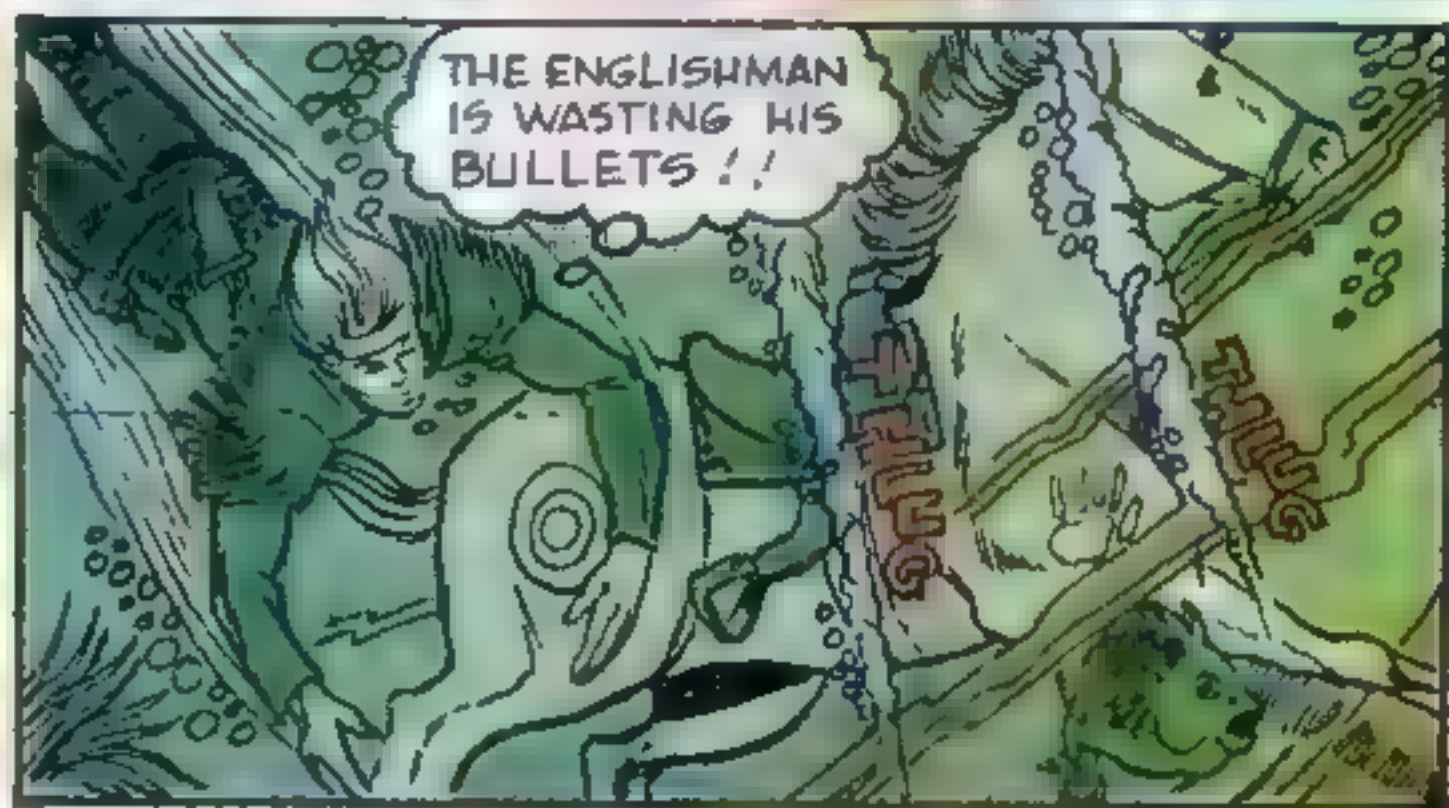
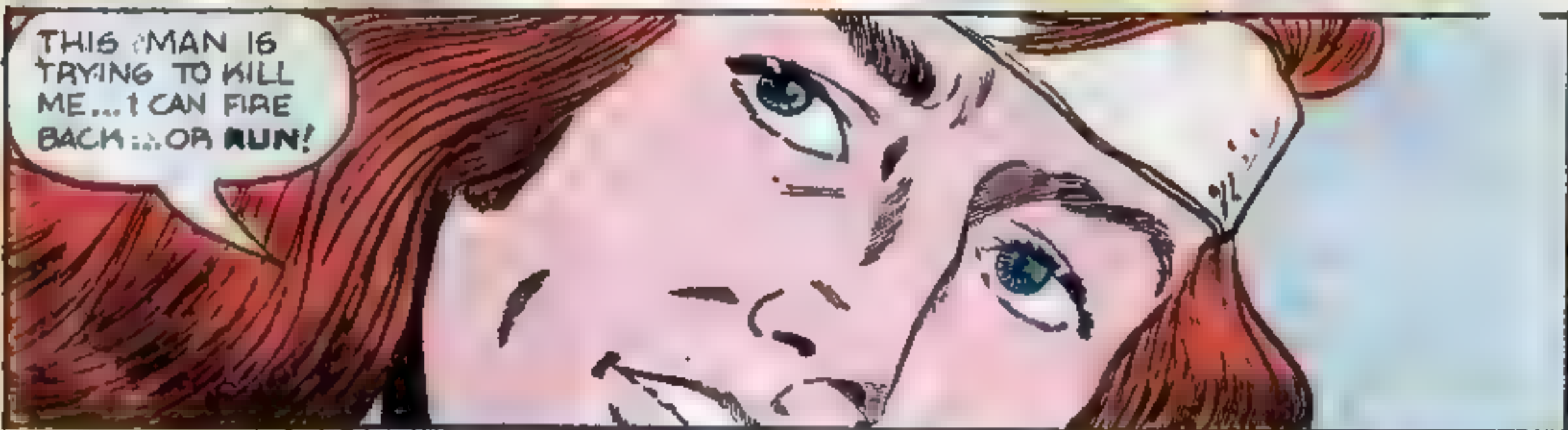
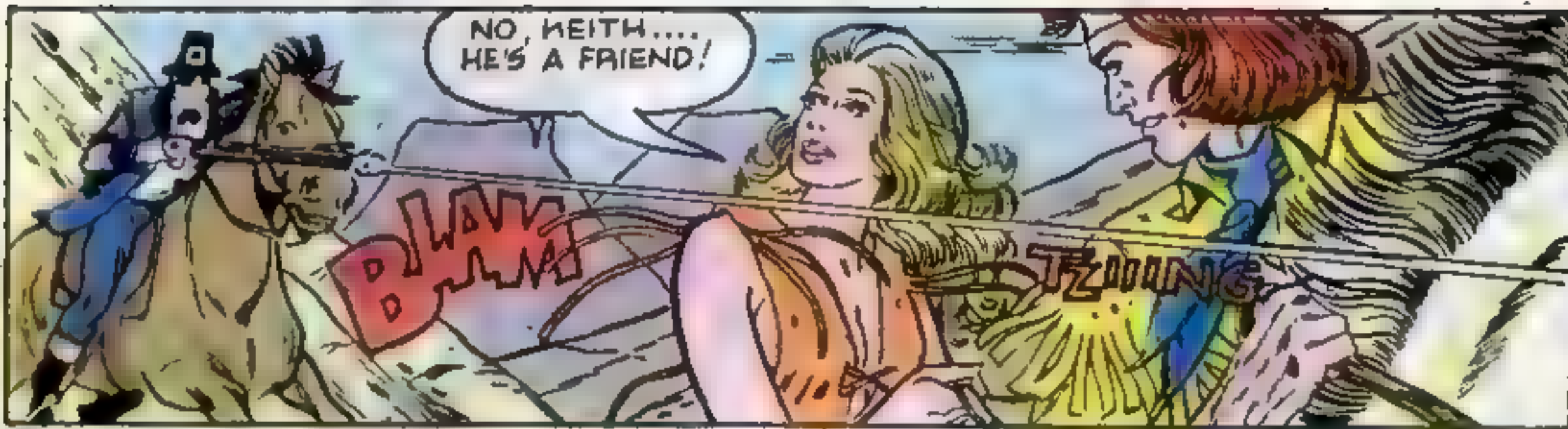
THERE ARE TWO RIDERS....ONE OF THEM IS.... LADY MARGARET!

THERE'S NOWHERE YOU CAN GO.... PLEASE DON'T KILL HIM!

...HE'S FURIOUS BUT I'LL CALM HIM DOWN!

I DON'T WANT TO HARM HIM....BUT I DON'T WANT TO GET HURT!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



Tenderfoot Sheriff

BANE GOES

THE BULLET

On July 9, 1878, John Lind got off the stage at its terminal point in Meadowsville. He had only three dollars left in his wallet. In addition to the satchel with his clothes, he carried his sample case. In his coat pocket was a crumpled telegram telling him the company for which he worked was bankrupt. And he could keep his samples. But he was hungry. Where would he find a job? He noticed some black bunting. "Who died?" he asked.

"Sheriff Blanton," was the laconic reply a stranger gave him. "Had a heart attack."

So that was the opportunity for him to get a badge pinned onto his shirt. This particular episode in his most unusual career as a lawman took place in 1882. Tom Wellers, the famous marshal for the second district, had come to town to live there in retirement. And peace-if possible. He must have been about 80 years old at that time. But still alert. And then John Lind got a message from Washington via Dave Coopers who rode into town.

"The story is that Mike Sharon was released from penitentiary last month. Been practicing his shooting again. Swears he will put a bullet through the heart of Tom Wellers. Blames him for everything. Washington knows how you handle things. They want nothing to happen to the old marshal."

Dave Coopers then rode out of town and John Lind spoke to the old marshal. Who merely grinned when he heard the story.

"I just can't get worried," he said softly. "I wouldn't have lasted this long if I didn't have some brains in my head. I have been notified by some of my friends about Mike Sharon. Been shooting a box of bullets every day. Got a big picture of me. And he aims for my heart. Then he will come here. Find some excuse to challenge me to a shoot-out. I will win. Don't get bothered. All you do is to stay on the side-lines. Am I clear?"

John Lind shrugged his shoulders. What else could he do? If the old man wanted it that way, he must have some kind of plan up that clever head of his. And a week later Mike Sharon rode into town. Sheriff John Lind was waiting for him.

"I could figure out something so I can throw you into jail," he said to him. "But I'm not going to do it. Maybe it would be better if I did. You are looking for trouble. And somehow I have a feeling down my spine you are going to find it."

For the next three days the men in town waited anxiously for something to happen. They figured that Mike Sharon would make the first move. And then they got a shock! It happened in the Big Drink Emporium. The place was crowded when the old marshal walked right up to the man looking to kill him.

"You have three days to get out of town. I don't want to kill you unless I have to do it. You are nothing but one big fool! If you think you can put a bullet right through my heart."

"And if I don't care to get out of this town, what are you going to do about it?" sneered Mike Sharon.

"Then at ten in the morning we shoot it out on Main Street. And you will come out the loser," was the unexpected reply.

A delegation of leading citizens went to see the Sheriff. Including Sam Loomis, who owned the Bar-H Ranch.

"The old marshal must be touched in the head," sighed Sam Loomis. "He doesn't stand a chance at his age against that killer. Sure, when he was young, Tom Wellers was the best shot in the entire west. But those days are behind him. What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing at all," smiled the Sheriff. "If I were a betting man, I would put my money on the old marshal. Just take it easy. Anyway, thanks for worrying about him. Doc Jones will be there as a favor to me."

Puzzled they left the sheriff's office. But with feeling that "something was up." And even Mike Sharon began to feel a bit uneasy. The townspeople should have been all worked up. But they seemed so nice and calm. Came the day and hour of the duel. The two men faced each other. Then Mike Sharon walked backwards. Not too much of a distance.

"Draw!" was the only word from the mouth of the old marshal. There was but one shot. From the .44 in the hand of the would-be killer. Then he himself slumped to the ground. Doc Jones took a quick look at him.

"He'll live," he said. "But we can never tell him he got shot with his own bullet. Clever idea of Tom Wellers to wear that iron plate over his heart. The bullet ricocheted from it and hit this fool."

CHEYENNE KID

D 5827

EDITOR: GEORGE WILDMAN

STORY: JOE GILL

ART: SANHO KIM

A TOUGH CAMPAIGN

JUST NORTH OF THE PLATTE RIVER, MAJOR WARD DENTON HAD ORDERED THE COLUMN TO BIVOUAC FOR THE NIGHT... AND SGT. BROCK, THE PROFANE BULLY WHO HAD CHARGE OF THE HORSE HANDLERS, USED HIS IRON FISTS TO ENFORCE AN ORDER TO A TIMID, SCRAWNY RECRUIT.

NEXT TIME
JUMP
WHEN I GIVE
AN ORDER!

KEEP YOUR
FIST
TO YOURSELF,
BROCK!

SPAT!



DON'T BUTT IN,
WAGON-LOVER,
OR
I'LL BUST YER
JAW!

YOU CAN TRY,
LOUD-MOUTH!



WUNGGH!

HE HIT
CHEYENNE
A SICKER
PUNCH!



THIS GUY WILL
BEAT ME TO DEATH
IF I LET HIM!

I'LL DO THE JOB
SLOW, INJUN-LOVER!

BROCK WAS A
PROFESSIONAL FIGHTER...
HE'LL CHOP CHEYENNE
TO BITS!

HECK,
CHEYENNE
HAS A GLASS
JAW!

I'LL
GO DOWN....

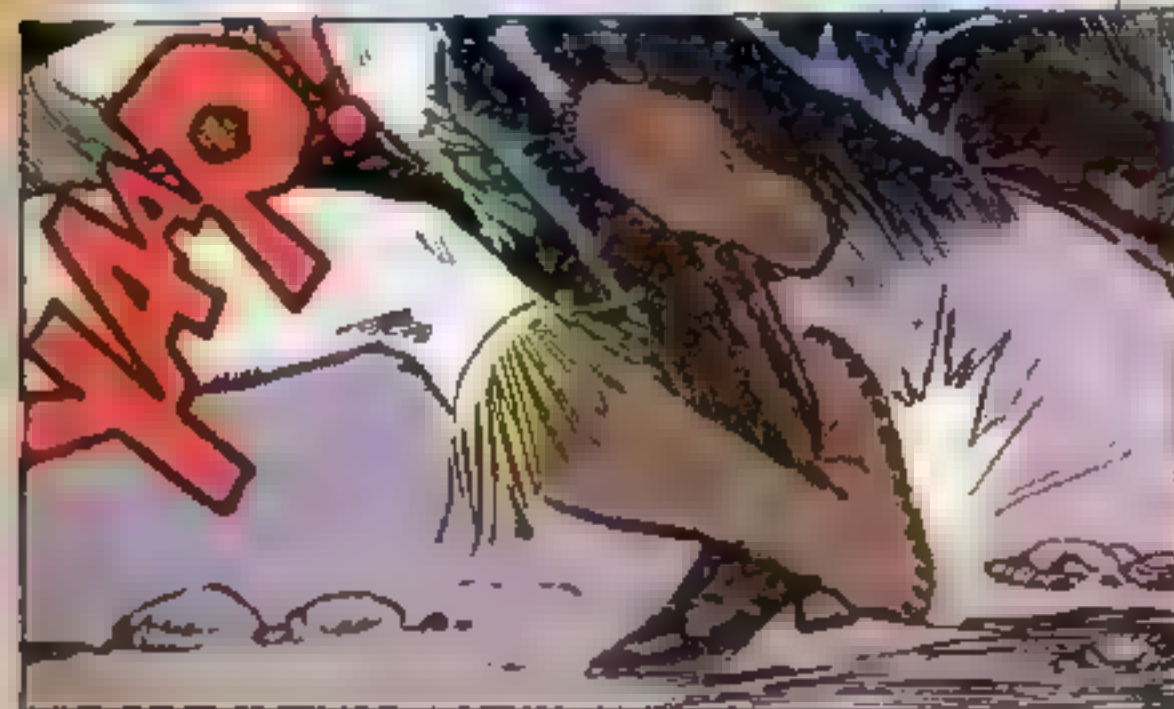
THUD!

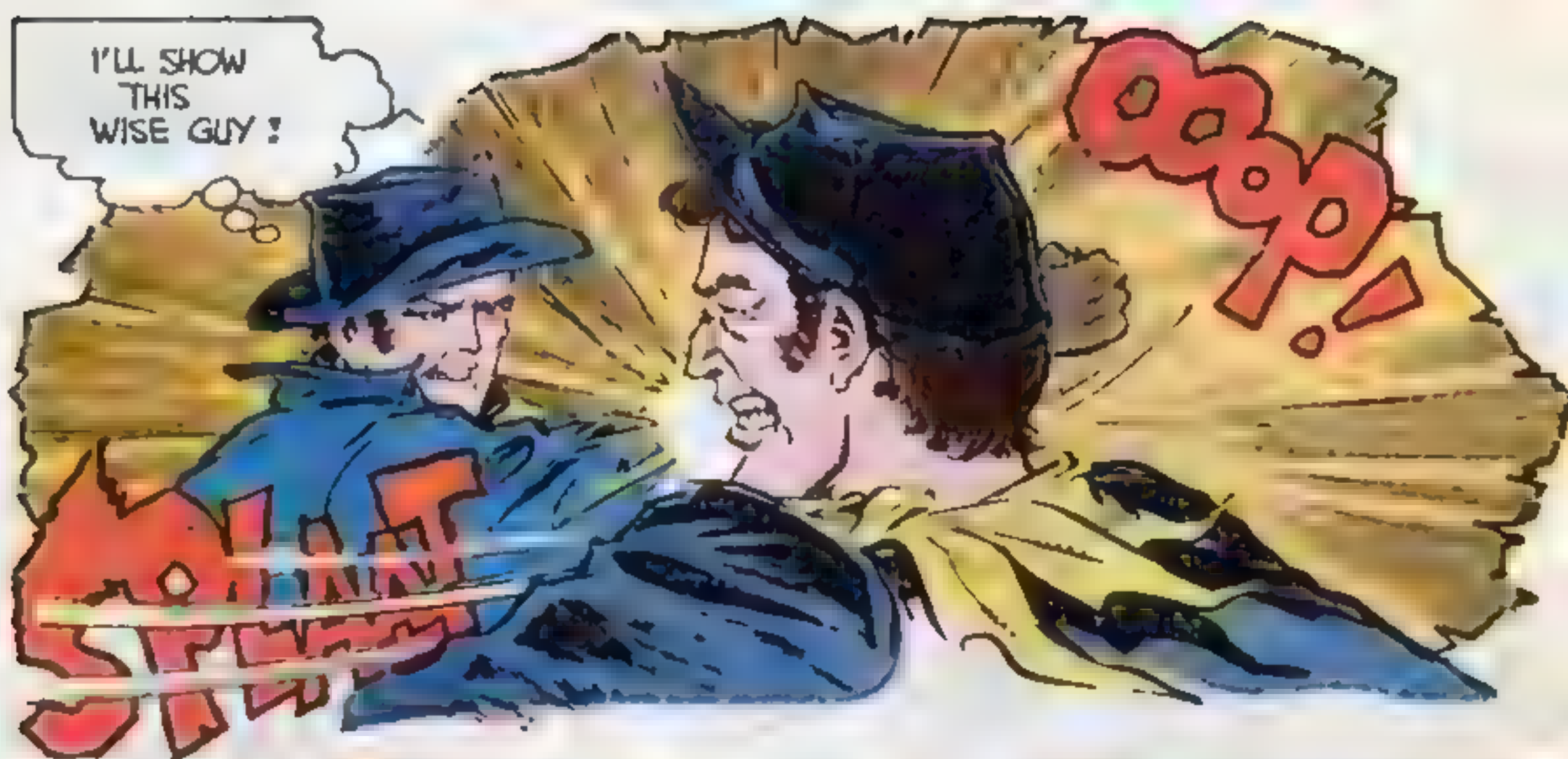
I'LL FINISH
YA OFF WITH THE
BOOTS,
INJUN-LOVER!

A COUPLE
CRACKED RIBS'LL
FIX Y.....

YAAAGH!

CHEYENNE'S
TRICKY...
I KNEW HE
WAS UP TO
SOMETHING!





I'LL SHOW
THIS
WISE GUY!

OOPS!

I COULDN'T
KNOCK HIM OUT
WITH A CLUB!

NOW,
I'M GETTIN'
MAD!

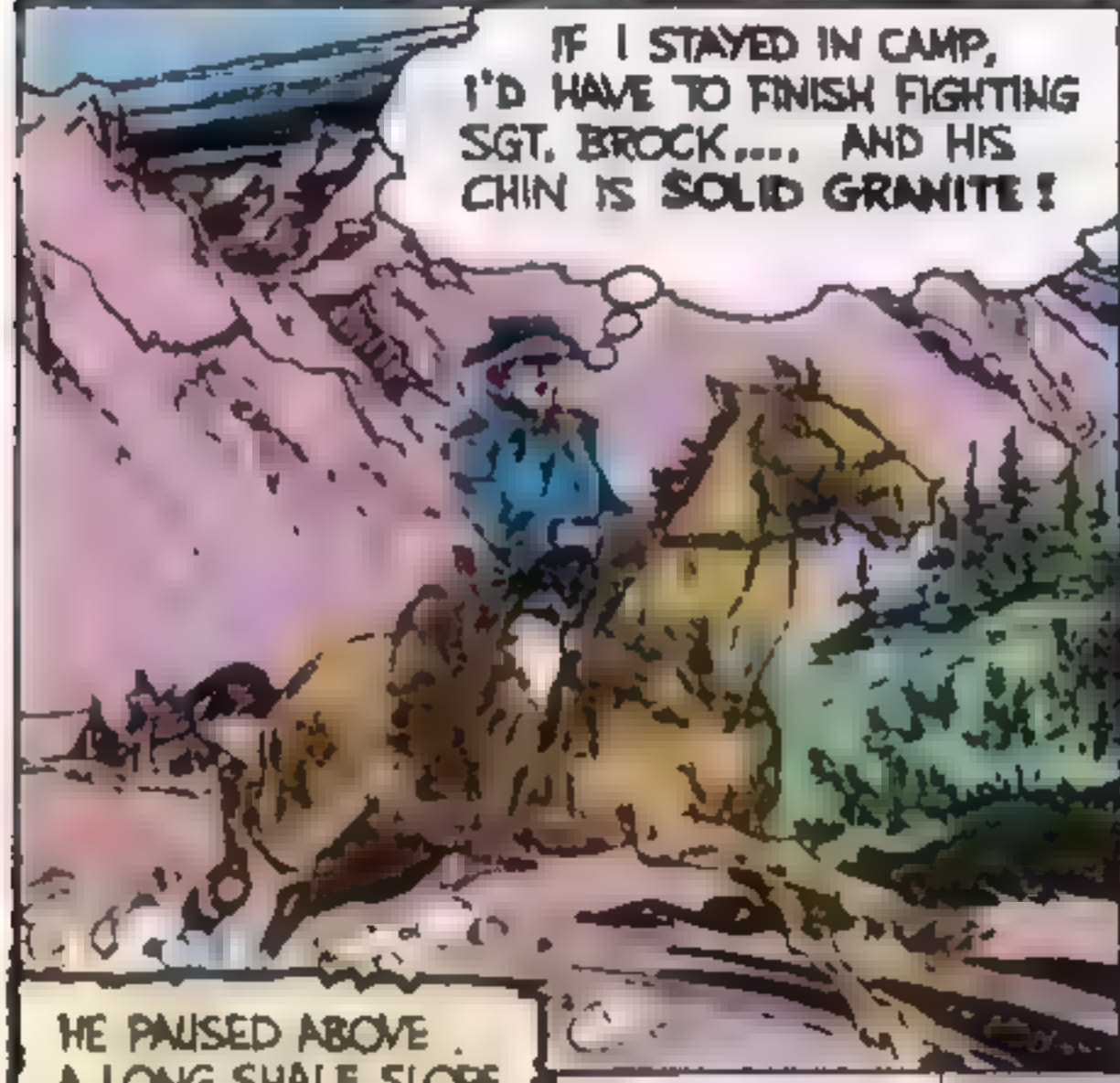
CHEYENNE GAVE
BROCK HIS BEST
SHOT!

TEN-KUT!

AT EASE,
MEN!
CHEYENNE....
I WANT TO
SEE YOU!

CHEYENNE, I BELIEVE A BAND
OF PAWNEE HOSTILES ARE IN THE
FOOTHILLS! I'M NOT GOING TO
ORDER YOU UP THERE... IT'S
DANGEROUS AND...

I DON'T CARE
ABOUT THE DANGER,
MAJOR!
I VOLUNTEER!



IF I STAYED IN CAMP,
I'D HAVE TO FINISH FIGHTING
SGT. BROCK.... AND HIS
CHIN IS SOLID GRANITE!



NEXT TIME I'LL USE SOME
CHEYENNE WRESTLING TRICKS....
FOR SURE I WON'T USE MY
FISTS!



HE PAUSED ABOVE
A LONG SHALE SLOPE
AND SNIFFED THE BRE-
EZE... THE ELUSIVE
SMELL OF WOODSMOKE
TOLD HIM WHAT HE
HAD TO KNOW

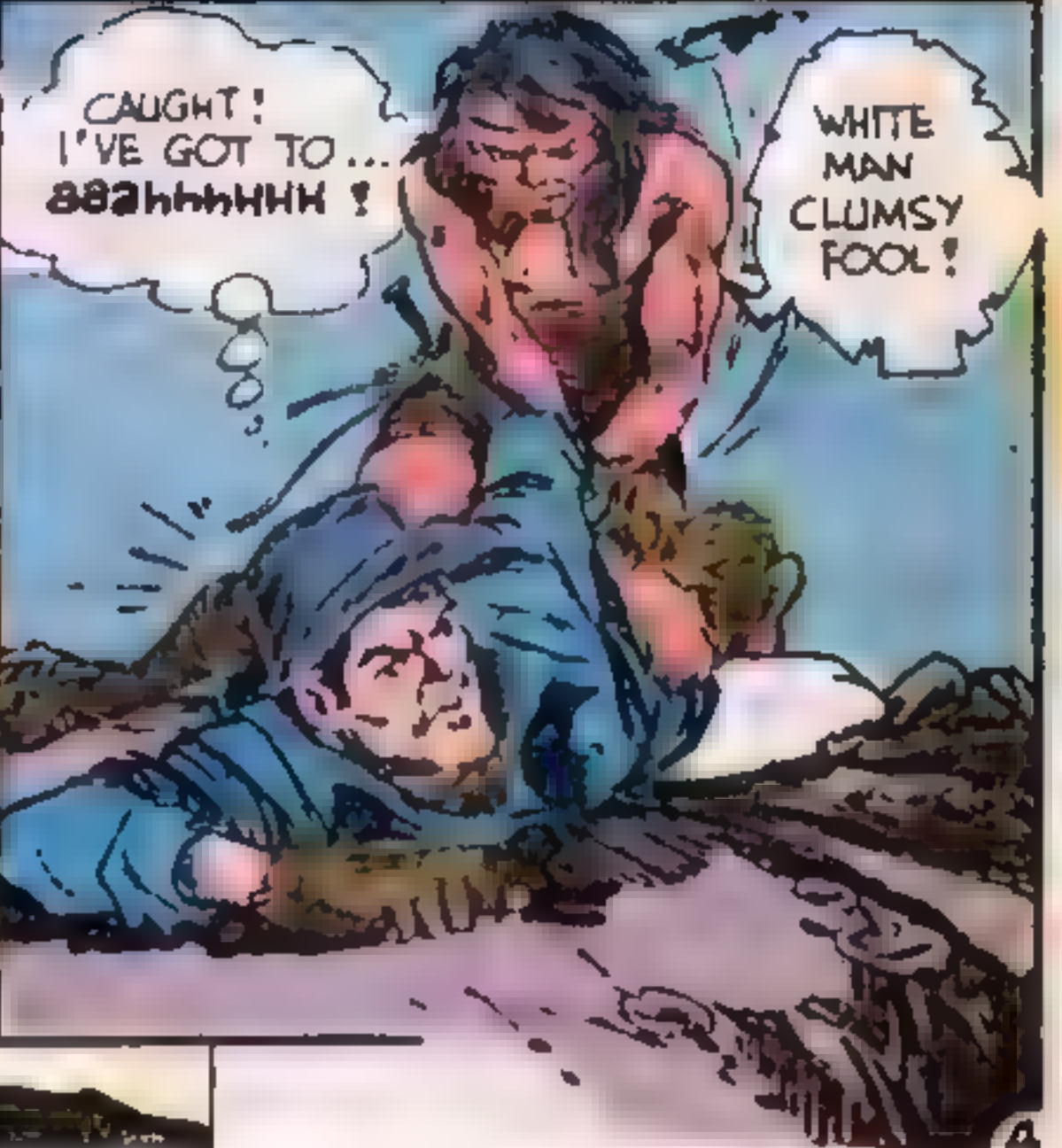
THEY'VE BUILT A
COUNCIL FIRE....
IT'LL BE IN A
HIDDEN RAVINE
SOMEWHERE....



THERE THEY ARE....
A PAWNEE WAR
PARTY!



PAWNEE BROTHERS, WE WILL RAID
THE HORSE HERDS OF THE SOLDIERS
AS THEY SLEEP!



CAUGHT!
I'VE GOT TO...
BaaahhhHHH!

WHITE
MAN
CLUMSY
FOOL!

WAIT ! KY-AH-TI HAS
CAUGHT A SPY OF THE
YELLOWLEG SOLDIERS!

IT IS THE CHEYENNE
TRAITOR, WISE OTTER !

IT IS THE MAN
THEY CALL
CHEYENNE KID !

I HAVE HEARD ALSO OF YOU,
WISE OTTER ! I HAVE COME TO WARN
YOU NOT TO STEAL THE YELLOWLEG
SOLDIERS' HORSES !

LIAR !

THIS IS YOUR TRIAL, CHEYENNE
TRAITOR ! IF KY-AH-TI KILLS YOU
IT IS BECAUSE YOU DESERVE TO
DIE ! IF YOU LIVE

I KNOW... YOU'LL
THINK OF SOME OTHER
WAY TO KILL ME !

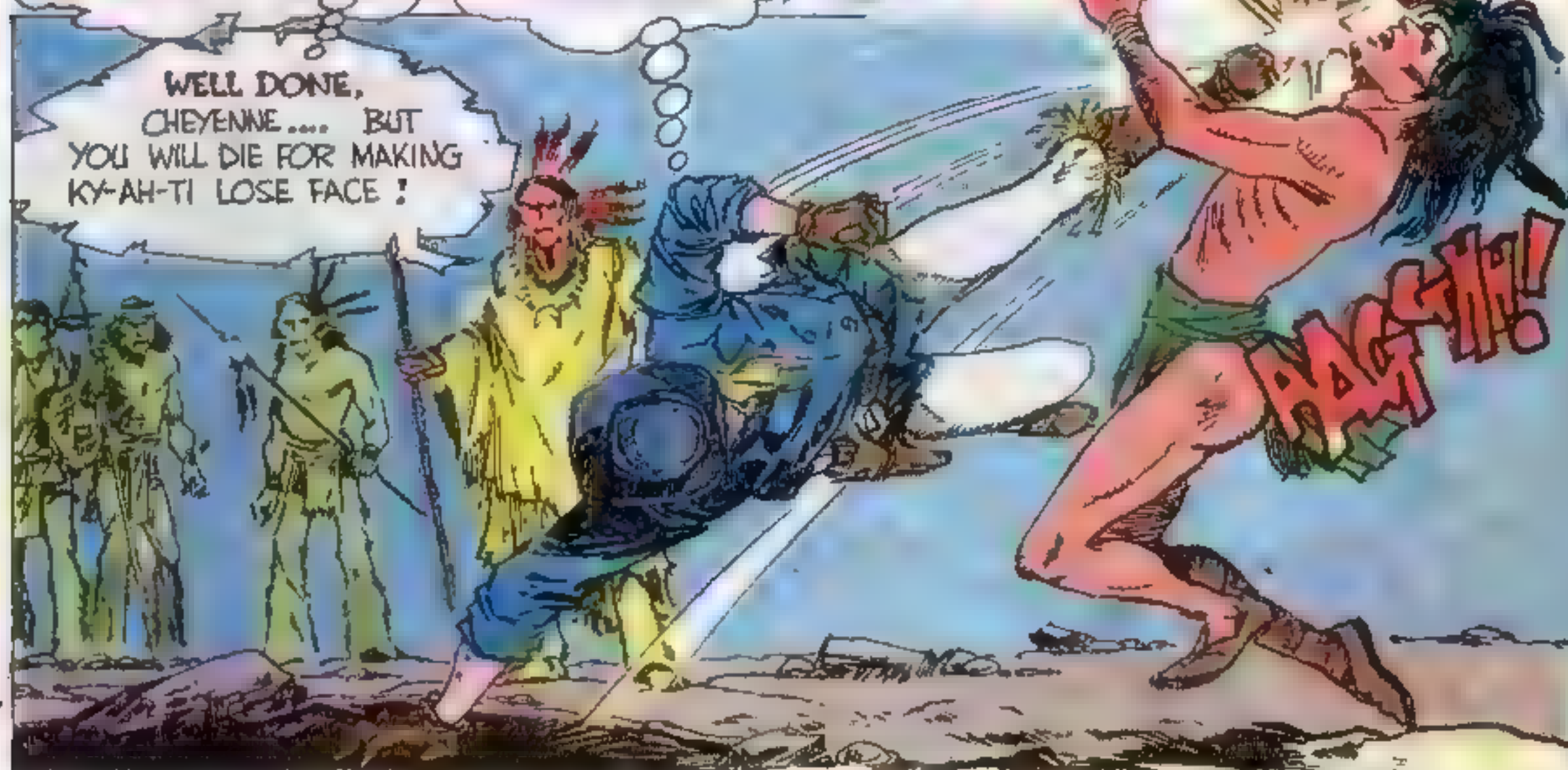
IT WILL BE
OVER QUICKLY,
TRAITOR !



THE CHEYENNE WERE ALWAYS TREACHEROUS IN BATTLE!

HE'S OFF BALANCE....

WELL DONE, CHEYENNE.... BUT YOU WILL DIE FOR MAKING KY-AH-TI LOSE FACE!



I'M NOT READY TUH DIE YET, WISE OTTER...TILL 'EM TO KEEP BACK OR YOU'LL GET A SLUG IN THE BACK!

HE MEANS WHAT HE SAYS, PAWNEE BRAVES! WAIT.... WE WILL MAKE THE CHEYENNE DOG PAY ANOTHER TIME!



THE YELLOWLEG SOLDIERS HAVE REPEATING RIFLES, WISE OTTER! MANY OF YOUR PEOPLE WILL DIE IF YOU RAID THEIR HORSE HERDS!

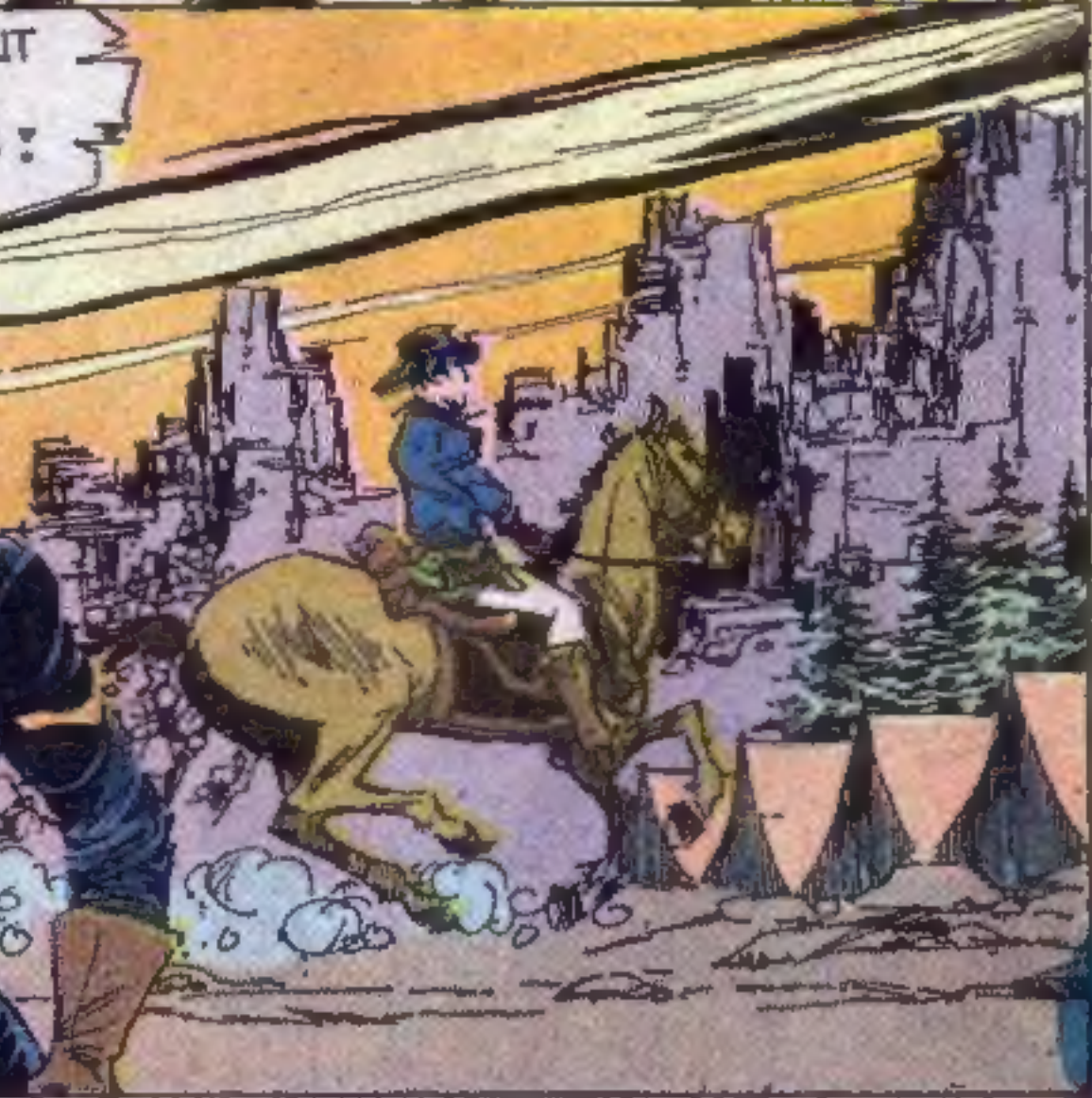
YOU HAVE STOLEN OUR HUNTING GROUNDS..... TO DIE IN BATTLE IS BETTER THAN TO LIVE IN SHAME!

THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WILL CHANT THE DEATH SONG, WISE OTTER... GO BACK BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



AT DAWN, THE CHEYENNE KID RODE BACK INTO CAMP, IGNORING THE SULLEN STARE OF SGT. BROCK!

CHEYENNE SCOUT APPROACHIN', MAJOR DENTON!



YOU FOUND THE PAWNEE HOSTILES, CHEYENNE?

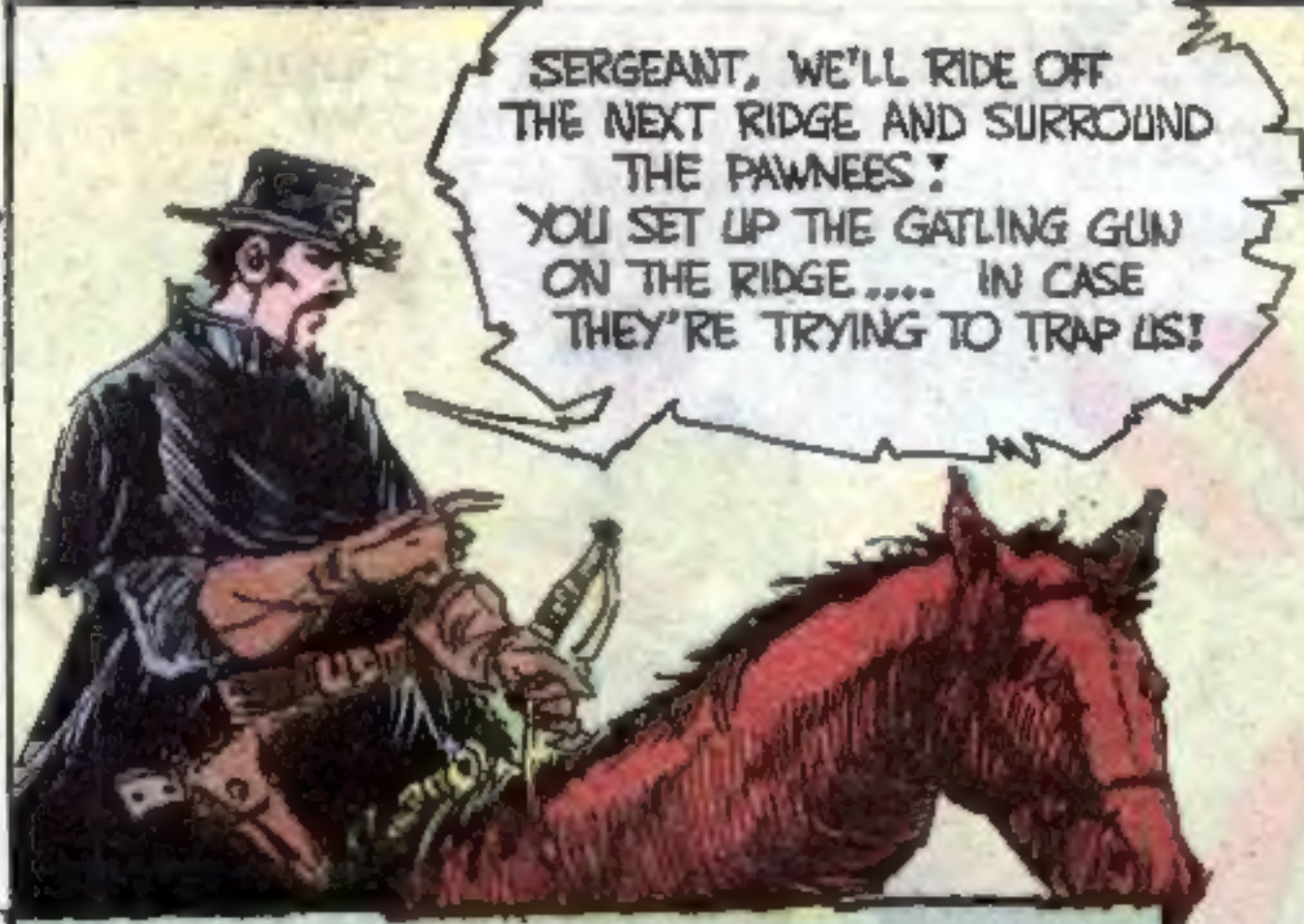
YES, SIR... IN THE FOOTHILLS... THEY'RE PAINTED FOR WAR!



BUGLER, SOUND BOOTS AND SADDLES!

LEAD US TO THE PAWNEES, CHEYENNE... I'LL TEACH THOSE THIEVING RASCALS A LESSON!





SERGEANT, WE'LL RIDE OFF THE NEXT RIDGE AND SURROUND THE PAWNEES!
YOU SET UP THE GATLING GUN ON THE RIDGE..... IN CASE THEY'RE TRYING TO TRAP US!



CHEYENNE LED THE COLUMN DOWN OFF THE SHALE SLOPE... THE TROOPERS DISMOUNTED ABOVE THE RAVINE WHERE THE PAWNEES HAD ASSEMBLED.....



WE'VE GOT THEM, CHEYENNE!



THAT RAVINE IS WHERE THE PAWNEES WERE, MAJOR... THAT DOESN'T MEAN THEY STAYED THERE!



THE PAWNEES MIGHT HAVE MOVED UP ON THE HILL.... THEY COULD EVEN BE HIDDEN IN THE BRUSH... READY TO ATTACK!

SUDDENLY, WISE OTTER HEELED HIS HORSE OUT INTO THE OPEN AND HE SCREAMED THE WAR CRY OF THE PLAINS WARRIOR....



KILL!
KILL!

EEEEEE YAH HAH!

HOLD IT, MAJOR!
DON'T ORDER THEM TO
FIRE!

MAJOR, IF YOU OPEN FIRE,
A LOT OF TROOPERS
WILL BE KILLED!

TO THE
DEATH!



INSTANTLY, MAJOR DENTON
SNAPPED AN ORDER....
WINCHESTER REPEATERS WERE
COCKED.... AND
WISE OTTER SHOUTED AN
ORDER AT HIS MEN....
THE BLOODIEST BATTLE IN
PLAINS HISTORY WAS
ABOUT TO BEGIN!

WISE OTTER,
A MACHINE GUN IS
ON THE HILL BEHIND YOU...
MANY BRAVES ARE GOING
TO DIE!

IT IS TOO LATE...
HONOR DEMANDS THE
SHEDDING OF BLOOD!



LET KY-AH-TI
SHED HIS BLOOD...
HE LOVES
FIGHTING!

THIS TIME I KILL
CHEYENNE TRAITOR!



SGT. BROCK?
FRONT AND CENTER....
HERE'S SOMEONE YOU
WON'T BEAT UP SO
EASILY!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

THEY FACED EACH OTHER....
TWO BRAVNY BRAWLERS,
NEITHER OF WHOM HAD
EVER KNOWN DEFEAT !

LET THEM FIGHT, WISE OTTER...
THE LOSER AND HIS PEOPLE
WILL WITHDRAW FIRST....
HONOR WILL BE APPEASED!

KY-AH-TI
KILL !

THAT'LL BE
THE DAY,



WHY DO YOU
STEAL OUR HORSES,
WISE OTTER ?
YOU **CANNOT EAT**
THEM !

WE TRADE HORSES TO
KIO WAS WHO OWN
MANY CATTLE AND HAVE
MUCH GRAIN !
WE MUST HAVE FOOD
IN WINTER !

SIR, CAN'T WE GIVE THE PAWNEES
ALL THE CATTLE AND FLOUR THEY'LL
NEED ? IF IT MEANS PEACE ON THE
FRONTIER... ?

SPLendid IDEA, CHEYENNE!
WISE OTTER, WE HAVE NO
CAUSE TO FIGHT WITH EACH
OTHER ! INSTEAD WE WILL
TALK OF PEACE....

AND SO THE PAWNEE UPRISING
ENDED IN A PEACE TALK... ALL
THAT IS, EXCEPT KY-AH-TI AND
SGT. BROCK !

THERE WILL BE
NO DEATH SONGS SUNG
IN THE PAWNEE LODGES!

I RECKON KY-AH-TI AND
SGT. BROCK WON'T BE TOO
CHEERFUL FOR A WHILE, THOUGH!



NOV 10, 1972 BY SAKKO KIM
THE END